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Montgomery:- The Hero's Funeral.

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FOR ENGLISH LITERATURE



THE L4
HERO'S FUNERAL.

A Poem.

BY
ROBERT MONTGOMERY, M.A.

AUTHOR OF

"The Christian Life," "The Omnipotence of the Deity,"
&c. &c. &c.

"SIEGE-CLASH VICTOR."

Hor. Epist. lib. IV.

"His body is buried in peace,
But his name liveth evermore."

Handel's Anthem.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & CO., FARRINGTON STREET.
1853.

[Price One Shilling.]



THE
HERO'S FUNERAL.

The mighty Man, and the Man of War,
The Judge and the Prophet, and the Prudent
And the Ancient and the Honourable Man.

(*Is.* iii. 2 & 3.)

The King lifted up his voice and wept at the grave of Abner, and
all the people wept. And the King said unto his servants,
Know ye not that there is a Prince and a great man fallen this
day in Israel ?—(*2 Sam.* iii. 32—38.)

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George Nichols fund

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COX (BROTHERS) AND WYMAN, GREAT QUEEN STREET,
LINCOLN'S-INN FIELDS.

TO HER,
WHO NUMBERS MORE
THAN TWENTY RELATIONS,
THAT HAVE FOUGHT AND SERVED
UNDER
ARTHUR, DUKE OF WELLINGTON,
The following Attempt
IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED BY
HER HUSBAND.



THE HERO'S FUNERAL.

"SATIS DIU VIXISSE DICITO."

I.

THROUGH England's capital no rest to-night !—
Where sleepless myriads watch for morning light,
Whose hearts concentrate in one vast regret,
And feel the fullness of that awful debt
A shielded Empire to her saviour owes,
When grey-haired Glory finds its last repose
Under the crypt, where storied banners wave
Their drooping pageant o'er some public grave.

Introduction.

With a fev'rish awe opprest,
And a something in the breast
Neither tones nor tears explain,
Like a mute and mighty pain,
Or a pulse of inward grief
Too august for word-relief,—
Millions now are slumberless ;
And in thinking loneliness
Are brooding o'er the unbreath'd thought,—
To-morrow down to dust is brought

That hoary Chief, whose high career
 Will range half Europe round his bier ;
 Who fifteen battles fought and won,
 Nor left nor lost a British gun,
 But took three thousand cannon from the foe
 The thunder of his charge had laid in battle low !

A Comparison.

But while the riband, star, and coronet
 With mingled radiance in one warrior met,
 Austerely simple to the last he stood,—
 A hero great by being good !
 In unity of heart and mind
 Thus he and Nelson are combined,
 In prowess, deeds, and all we prize
 When perils round a nation rise :—
 The first became the Nelson of all lands,
 The second proved our Wellington by sea ;
 And both were weapon'd by Almighty hands,
 To guard the island-fortress of the free :
 Nor when the bomb-shell blazed, and rolled the culverin
 From iron lips of death its thunder and its din,
 From 'Tagus to the Thames
 From Sambre to the Seine
 Is there a brand that shames
 The spot where he hath been !—
 The Man was never in the Hero lost,
 Nor Valour glorified at Virtue's cost.

II.

Night-scenes on
 November xbvii.

November's night is harsh and cold ;
 Like banners seem the clouds up-roll'd,

Sable and dusk, in starless heaven,
 And, here and there, by night-gales driven ;
 Fiercely and fast the loud-ton'd rain
 Rattles against the window-pane ;
 But neither wet nor winter's chill
 The mingled rush becalm of myriads coming still :—
 Through dusky lane, and street, or lighted square
 London is moved, and motion ev'rywhere !

But at last, there seems a lull,
 Making night more beautiful.
 Chariot, steed, and rapid car
 With fainter cadence roll afar ;
 Till a deeper hush is come,
 And the wide and wakeful hum
 Ebbs and falls, and dies away
 Like a dream-tone's melting play.
 Through their rent and riven shrouds
 Planets beam from yonder clouds ;
 Pallid stars patrol the sky,
 And arrest some musing eye,
 While yon weak and wat'ry moon,
 Like a soft and silver noon .
 On the turret gleams awhile
 With a pale and placid smile.

Midnight.

Soon o'er the varied City's vast extent
 A deep'ning stillness from the night is sent ;
 And the calmer few who can
 Master all the scenes of man,
 Keeping down the pulse of life,
 When it throbs in storm or strife,—
 Feel the balm of slumber now,
 Brooding over cheek and brow ;

Those that work, and they who weep,
 Woo the mercy of mild sleep ;
 And in soft innocence of sacred rest
 The babe lies pillow'd on maternal breast.

III.

Dawn.

But the cloudy dawn is waking,
 And the day-tints dimly breaking :—
 Again the fevers of excitement roll
 Tides of emotion through that public soul
 Which heaves vast London, this eventful morn
 When Arthur Wellesley to his tomb is borne.
 A thrilling freshness in the bracing air
 Gives sudden token that the wind is fair ;
 On the blue forehead of the Sky afar
 Glows, like a gem of lustre, one lone star,
 Whose quiv'ring radiance, exquisitely bright,
 Throbs through the air, and fascinates the sight.
 Relenting Winter hath subdued her rain,
 And, lo ! the clearing heavens are calm again :—
 A beaming change of blessed weather,
 To welcome hearts conven'd together ;
 As though the conscious Atmosphere would pay
 Some genial homage to this glorious day.

IV.

Morning.

And now go forth !—a spectacle to see
 Eternalized in mind and memory.
 Yet, when the Muse of History records
 The pomp we celebrate, in deathless words,

She will not pause o'er car and cavalcade,
 Or mail'd hosts in banner'd pomp array'd ;
 But *this* will be the truth, to tell,—
 That Empires loved one man so well,
 A million and a half of mourners came,
 Whose hearts were mottoed with his cherish'd name !
 The People make the pageant then ;
 His monument is living men ;
 And never in the past of hero-crowded time
 Look'd Hannibal so great, or Pompey so sublime !
 And why ?—because the Chief of Waterloo
 Teaches all ages what firm WILL can do,
 When, all intol'rant of the mean and low,
 Virtue his friend, and Vice his only foe,
 Each baser passion from the bosom hurl'd,—
 The vanquisher of Self became the victor of the World !
 Career and character, when thus combin'd,
 Both make and move the hist'ry of mankind,
 When perill'd Crisis and o'erwhelming Power
 Need more than strategy to front the hour.

V.

On window, roof, and balcony,
 Where foot can stand, or eye can see ;
 By churchyard-gate, or garden-wall,
 Near porch and palace, hut and hall
 Crowd human forms, like clust'ring bees,
 That swarm at noon on summer-trees ;
 While, clashing with incessant jar,
 Rush chariot-wheels and rolling car ;
 Horse and horsemen then combine,
 Clear the way, and close the line : —

Still, the trooping thousands come !
 Deeper yet the distant hum ;
 Ev'ry form and ev'ry face
 Apparell'd with emotion's trace,—
 Each for each, and all on all
 For succour in loud chorus call,
 Till the whirling air around
 Surges like a sea of sound !

VI.

*the Procession
 forms.*

'Tis eight o'clock by matin chime ;
 And signal-guns announce the time,
 While countless numbers, mute with breathless trance,
 Seem melted into one, to view the Pomp advance.—

With ling'ring preludes, long and low,
 Comes marching on, serene and slow,
 'Mid symphonies of solemn woe,
 Yon Cavalcade of Death !
 With mourning trump and muffled drum,
 Behold the vast procession come,—
 And hold your pausing breath !

Cornet, flute, and clarion pour
 Mingled death-wails more and more ;
 Bannerets and blazonry,
 With plumes of tow'ring pageantry,
 Streaming Flag and Gonfalon,
 Colours out of carnage won,
 Mingled with the harness'd gun,
 Rifles, Horse, and Fusileer,
 Dragoon, Marine, and Grenadier,

And scar-worn Pensioners, with sable wands
 That faintly quivered in their feeble hands,
 Steed and soldiers' measured pace,
 Wearing each some mourning-trace,
 While sob and sigh intensely show
 The heavings of the heart below,—
 All this, with heavy tramp, and hollow tread,
 To symbolize they mourn the dead,—
 Concentre, if thou can, the harmonizing whole,
 And treasure it with tears of sympathy and soul !

VII.

But yet, awaits a tearful sight,
 Though not with martial splendour dight.
 As some lone bugle, when the fight is done,
 That wails a death-note, while the dying sun
 Goes down on carnage-cover'd fields,
 O'er sad imagination wields
 A spell more potent than the cannon-roar,—
 So, yon last steed which bears its Chief no more,
 Pierces the heart with pathos all its own,
 And moves each chord with some responsive tone,
 Where now, the last to close the cavalcade
 That through three miles its winding pomp display'd,—
 A groom-led Charger, riderless,
 Comes drooping in its loneliness,
 As though the meek-eyed Creature felt
 Funereal sorrow through it melt.
 And, who that saw the boot and spur,
 And did not feel his life-blood stir,
 When that denuded steed a type was made to be
 How glory is the garb earth puts on vanity !

The Charger.

VIII.

Military Scene.

Hark ! again the muff'd drum,
 While the plum'd Battalions come,
 Timing deep their measur'd tread
 To the March surnam'd the Dead,
 Six in file, in single rank,
 Ringing out a hollow clank :—
 Mingle with the martial scene
 Mailed Guard and red Marine,
 Foot and Horse-Artillery,
 And brigades of Infantry.—
 For thus, each Regiment sent its type to show
 Some fitting token of funereal woe ;
 And when, to end the vast array,
 Hussar and Lancer lined the way,
 The wailing Piper, next, a pibroch blew
 And coronach that thrilled the soul of Feeling through !

IX.

Funeral-car.

But lo ! with gloomy scutcheons glorious,
 Each telling of the Past victorious,
 Engrav'd by heraldry of war,
 Come rolling on the laurell'd Car,
 Under the shade of whose triumphant pall
 A million see what hides the earthly all
 Of Arthur Duke of Wellington !—
 The greatest hero Time has gaz'd upon.
 And, never since thy patriots met,
 Incorp'rate by one vast regret,

Round the mourn'd bier of warrior, saint, or king,
 Britannia ! could sublime Emotion bring
 Such memories of thrilling awe
 As sanctified the scene I saw,—
 Drawn by twelve steeds of sable hue,
 When first the Death-Car roll'd in view.

X.

'Twas not the pomp, the banner, nor the plume,
 Nor all which glorifies a Warrior's tomb,
 That touch'd with superhuman power
 The awful pathos of that deathless hour.
 'Twas moral grandeur !—'twas the true sublime
 Of sacred nature soaring out of time,
 And drinking in from Worlds which Faith can see,
 The inspirations of eternity.
 And one such moment grasps an age of life,
 With more than poetry and passion rife ;
 Making us feel immortal instincts rise,
 And claim celestial kinship with the skies.

*A Living
 Spectacle.*

XI.

Round that high Car though countless hosts assembl'd,
 And under pawing steeds the pathways trembl'd,
 You might have heard your heart-pulse beat,—
 So hush'd became the o'eraw'd Street !
 And pale, as if with inward prayer,
 The living Mass stood gazing there,
 With heads uncover'd, and with moisten'd eyes,
 Whose silence uttered—There a Hero lies !

From whom, when called to bid the earth farewell,
 The truncheons of eight laurel'd Armies fell ;
 The pillar of our Church and State,
 By self-renouncement nobly great ;
 Who in the storm of public danger stood
 Bold as the rock that baffles ocean's flood,
 The truest Patriot since our throne began,
 The perfect model of an ENGLISH-MAN,—
 And, when her lion-flag of warfare was unfurl'd,
 Bade Victory rear it high, and wave it round the world !

XII.

European
 Homage.

To grace his honour'd Bier, attendant,
 With nodding plume and waving pendant,
Alone not Britain sent the bearers of his pall ;
 But, mov'd by gallant chivalry
 That breath'd of heart-nobility,
 Seven Marshals graced with Heraldry,
 From foreign lands—spontaneously from all—
 Have come to tell of his career,
 Whose prowess friend and foe revere,
 Each bearing in the crape-bound hand
 Some baton of extinct command
 Monarchs or princes had in life bestow'd
 On that brave Chief, to whom their Kingdoms ow'd
 A vaster debt than peerless Rank can pay,
 Or, golden Orders in their gemm'd array,—
 Belgium and Prussia, Portugal and Spain,
 And distant Russia, from her ice-bound plain,
 With Hanover, and England too,
 Remember'd mighty Waterloo !

But, AUSTRIA sent no warrior-chief,
 Her own to blend with Britain's grief !
 Coldly apart from those united kings
 Who each their homage to a Hero brings,
 Preferred to stand, and gracelessly forget
 The past *she* burdens with an unpaid debt,—
 Because some woman-scourger felt
 A recoil from the blow he dealt,
 When brutal Vengeance in blind passion did
 What the high chivalries of heart forbid.—
 Alas ! that in an hour like *this*, the pride
 Of less than littleness was gratified !
 And caused a Kingdom thus to stand alone,
 Nor honour Him who saved her shaken throne.

XIII.

But turn we to a nobler theme.
 How mournful, then, *their* martial dream,
 Who, while around them tramp and stir
 The Herald, Troop, and Trumpeter,—
 Were haunted with a blent array
 Of scenes which ne'er dissolve away ;
 And imag'd forth with mind's creative eye
 The Man who taught them how to dare, and die,
 As, trench'd with many a battle-scar,
 The white-haired veterans of war
 Gather and group beside yon bier,
 And scarce can hide the welling tear !

Veterans and
 Mourners.

Past sharers in dread fields of blood,
 Full oft with him these comrades stood,
 When valor beam'd from that victorious brow,
 Which cold in coffin'd death lay plumeless now !—

And *could* they view those guns, whose dauntless roar
 Thunder'd proud Albion's name from shore to shore,
 Or on the steed, array'd in boot and spur,
 Fix their sad eyes, nor feel the dead Past stir
 Within them, like a living thought
 With years of resurrection fraught?—
 On Torres Vedras' bulwark'd lines
 Again the flag of England shines!
 Vimiera's field, and Salamanca's fight,
 And Talavera's, when it roused the night,
 Sebastian's siege, and Badajos return,
 And Albuera, with its conflict stern:
 Visions of battle and campaign arise,
 And flash before their unforgetting eyes!—
 From the first laurel gain'd at dread Assaye,
 To the red carnage on that thrilling day,
 Embalmed for ever in sublime renown,
 When England struck the Gallic Eagle down,
 And the War-Fiend,* who half a world had won,
 Sank wither'd by the blast of Wellington!

Thus, round the coffin of th' heroic dead
 A living atmosphere of love is spread,
 That glows with hist'ry, till the pluméd bier
 Is almost hidden by a warrior's tear.—
 The shock of Armies, and the battle-shout
 Of charging Valour, when it put to rout
 Column and cavalry in fierce attack,
 Ring through his brain, and bring the dead Years back.

* Have you forgotten that the bones of our children, of our brothers,
 everywhere attest our fidelity—in the sands of Africa, on the shores of the
 Guadalquivir and the Tagus, on the banks of the Vistula, and in the frozen
 deserts of Muscovy?—During more than ten years, three millions of
 Frenchmen have perished for a man who wishes still to struggle against all
 Europe.—LA FAYETTE.

Till fancy hears the loud "Hurrah!"
 That Picton rais'd at Quatre-Bras,
 Where royal Brunswick closed his eye
 While, bivouack'd beneath the sky,
 Some bleeding sentinel, who watch'd the night,
 Heard the last bugle that bewail'd the fight.

XIV.

Again we listen! for the cornet's wail
 Pours on the wind its melancholy tale.
 Upward, o'er the troop-lined way,
 Flank'd in full and firm array,
 Still the banner'd Pomp proceedeth,
 Horse and horseman onward leadeth,—
 Mourning hearts with inward chime
 To the Dead March beating time,—
 Near and nearer still they come
 To the Hero's burial-home,
 Under the arching shade of yon cathedral-dome.

*Procession to
 the Cathedral.*

XV.

Ere between the church-yard gate
 Car and cavalcade have enter'd,
 Still for thoughtful eyes await
 Such a scene and sight concentr'd,
 As all the pomps which fascinate the gaze,
 The wreaths of conquest, and the palms of praise
 Can rival not,
 But sink forgot,—
 When England's sworded Prince appears;

Farewell.

And, marching by him, touch'd with manly tears,
 Saluting warriors slowly move,
 And shadow forth the signs of love
 On face and features, which betoken
 What quiv'ring words could not have spoken,
 But now with tearful eloquence they tell,—
 The British army bid their Chief farewell !

XVI.

St. Paul's.

'Mid radiant masses of reposing light,
 Yon Temple seems dilated to the sight,
 While vast perspectives of cathedral-gloom,
 Whose drap'ry serves to symbolize the tomb,
 Entrance the gazer with absorbing spell
 As though some Vision on the spirit fell.—
 Thoughts of earth, and thrills from heaven,
 Thus to each and all are given,
 And accost the inner-sense
 With a dumb, deep eloquence,
 Such as Faith and Conscience hear
 When they bend around the bier.

Now enter there !—survey that vaulted dome,
 Encircled o'er with beads of golden light,
 As though a supernat'ral noon had come
 To radiate the realms of night.
 Round the curv'd base a wreath of lustre glances,
 High o'er its many-pictur'd roof advances,
 And lights, as if with living play,
 Gigantic forms in war-array :—
 From capital to capital
 Through transept and pilastered wall

Down nave and aisle the line of lustre streams
O'er circled tiers of dome-ascending seats,
Till the last row some closing pillar meets,
Where soft effulgence tremulously gleams.

But, not by picture-words of poetry
Yon mass of concentrated human kind
In hues of language can reflected be,
As e'er to fascinate and fill the mind,
And realize what *they* beheld,
With voiceless wonder inly quell'd,—
Whose spell-bound eyes o'ergazed the mighty Whole,
And caught the magic of the mind and soul
Which beam'd from ev'ry face in that funereal throng,
Beyond the painter's hue,—above the poet's song !
Throne and Altar, Bench and State,
Brave and wise, and good and great,
All Britain treasures with revering pride
Fill'd the hush'd Fane, where famous dead abide,
And ocean's warrior, in his tomb sublime,
Waits the last trump which rings the knell of Time.

Another gaze ! while amber'd sunbeams fall
And, through the lofty dome-light-streaming,
Come slanting downward on the concave wall
With more than earth-born radiance gleaming,—
On tinted robes, in tremulous array,
Pulses of painted lustre seem to play.
But, hark !—before the western-gate
A solemn Dead-March sounds ;
And, moving in sepulchral state,
Approaches to its hallow'd bounds
The last Procession ; while the booming knell
Blends its deep cadence with the organ-swell.—

Planted by each bearer's hand,
 Flag and Guidon take their stand ;
 In glitt'ring column, robed with gorgeous vest,
 A double file of grouping warriors rest
 Around yon hidden burial-place ;
 While Choir and Clergy up the nave
 Marshal and move, and gleam and wave
 Their priestly robes, as on they pace.
 And mark, along the living mass
 Electrical emotions pass !—
 Profound, unreason'd, an instinctive awe
 Of something deeper than mere vision saw,
 Thrills the mute concourse, till they meekly rise
 With all the patriot glist'ning in their eyes ;
 And feelings not of this world clothe each brow,
 As on, with measured tread, advances now
 The choir-procession, while the burial-chant,
 With resurrection-tones so jubilant,
 Peals the dead Warrior on his pluméd bier,
 'Mid sigh, and sob, and many a martial tear,
 Onward to his long, last home,
 Underneath th' illumin'd dome !—
 But, as the wind-bowed plumes were bending,
 High o'er his coffin-lid depending,
 How life and death *together* seem'd to be,
 And aw'd the gazer like a mystery !

XVII.

Thus amidst the boom of bells
 Tolling their funereal-knells,
 The organ-peal, and cannon-roar
 Re-echoed round the temple-door,

With all due pomp of heraldry,
 With each befitting pageantry
 'Mid waving banners to his tomb is borne
 GREAT WELLINGTON!—and soon shall wailing horn,
 And cadence of the muffled drum,
 Tell the aw'd Soul the last is come!
 For, ducal crown and scutcheon'd bier
 Will be engulf'd, and disappear;
 Down the chasm, dark and deep,
 Yearning eyes will strain and weep;
 Then, the staff of office broken
 Will reveal its sign and token;
 And the Garter-King proclaim
 More than ever earth-wide fame
 Gave heroic man before,
 Or the brightest Patriot bore.

Like dream-heard music, when it melts away
 Serenely dying, sad and slow,
 Thus from the living air and light of day,
 Adown the vaulted crypt below.
 The coffin'd frame of Wellington
 Descends,—recedes,—and all is gone!
 And o'er it deepens, with expressive gloom,
 The yawning darkness of that open tomb,
 Where Nelson sleeps, but now, where two are laid
 In death's cold slumber, side by side;
 Of whom hereafter 'twill be grandly said,
 Millions were mourners when they died!

The Burial.

And in the Temple, where he lies
 Entomb'd with more than obsequies,
 Oh! never since that shrine of prayer
 Lifted its cross in sun and air,

Or choral praise with chanted swell
 Upon the ears of Godhead fell,*
 Have quiring voices breath'd an anthem-tone,
 Like sixteen thousand melted into one!—
 The diapason of whose deep Amen
 To earth seem echo'd back from glory-realms again.

XVIII.

Conclusion.

The booming echoes of the minute-gun
 Hark! how they roll from London's castle-towers,
 Proclaiming the sepulchral rites are done;—
 Yet, ere the World resume its wonted powers,
 While dying notes from many a distant knell
 Sink into silence with a sad farewell,
 A moralizing gloom on man descends,
 And, not unfitly, with the Pageant blends.

*Nature's
 Analogy.*

In red magnificence of evening-dyes,
 Oft, like a paradise of cloud, there lies
 A pomp aerial, such as poets love,
 O'er the rich heavens which radiate above.
 There, musing on some breezy height,
 Enthron'd in loveliness and light,
 A lone spectator stands to view
 The day-god wear his parting hue,
 When gliding down the crimson'd west,
 He wraps him in his regal vest.—
 How exquisite awhile to be
 Surrendered up to sky and sea!
 As, drinking in the splendid whole,
 He mingles with Creation's soul,

* Thou that *hearest* prayer.—*Psalm lxxv. 2.*

While lisping waves, with pensive lull,
 And cadence faintly beautiful,
 Chime with the hour, till earth and air
 An elemental magic wear,
 And so entrance impassioned Hearts,
 The soul forgets, the scene departs.—
 But while they dream, the cloud-pomp dies
 A beauteous death along the skies ;
 The pallid dews of night descend,
 And dimness and dejection end
 Those witching spells of sunset-hour,
 Which give to poesy its power.

XIX.

So would it be, when this great Day shall close,
 Which bore the Warrior to his dead repose,
 If tinsell'd pageantry, or painted scene
 Gave the true witness which the day hath been.
 But when the blazonry of public Woe
 Dissolves in nothing, like an air-born show,
 The deep significance which underlies
 All outer-forms is one that never dies,
 But melts into the moral life within,
 And prompts that spirit where those Aims begin
 Which soar beyond a passion for renown,
 And learn from Duty how to win the crown.—
 For England's people, from the humblest clan
 Of working poor and toil-worn artisan,
 From town, from hamlet, and the hawthorn side
 Where the lone cotters in contentment bide,
 Have each received within the plastic mind
 Ennobling thoughts which elevate mankind.

*Moral
 Contrast.*

And thus, perchance, when other palms are won,
 Time will reveal how much *this* day hath done
 To form the patriot in the public heart ;
 Or, teach the warrior his predestined part,
 And sow, as far as pure example can,
 Those seeds, whose harvest is—heroic Man !

Mere vulgar heroes of the vicious stamp,
 Whose names suggest a carnage, or a camp,
 Meteors of crime, the monsters of the past,
 Who sweep the world with desolating blast,
 And when they perish in their dread career
 Leave Time to track them by the widow's tear,—
 May point the moral of some future page ;
 But, when the Warrior, Senator, and Sage
 Meet in one man, like Him we mourn to-day,
 Conscience predicts, what unborn years will say,—
 That he had pass'd into the Nation's heart,
 Of which he grew a principle and part ;
 And when he died, far more than boundless Grief
 Sought in the burial-pomp a fit relief,—
 Each for himself put fun'ral raiment on,
 And wept a friend in mourning Wellington.

XX.

Patriotism.

• And Thou, environ'd with thy zone of waves,
 Nursling of waters ! whom old Ocean laves,
 As though He lov'd to hear his billow-roar
 Champion the rocks which sentinel thy shore ;
 Intrepid Isle ! whose amaranthine bays
 Bloom in the light of Heaven's approving gaze ;
 Defender of the Faith in Christendom's great heart !—

Well may we proudly think on this day what Thou art ;
 And, pond'ring o'er th' imperishable past,
 See Glory's halo round thy hist'ry cast !

Let Patriots boast of thine and thee,
 Of Commerce, Arms, and Chivalry,
 Of princely homes, of palace-halls,
 Of Culture, and whate'er recalls
 How lofty will can dare, and lion-heart can do,
 When Trafalgar became an ocean-Waterloo :
 'Tis right to let such feeling reign,—
 And, when dead ages breathe again,
 O'er the harp-string of the soul
 Like a lyric rapture roll.

And *their* proud boast is purer still,
 If Thou thy mission-work fulfil,
 As dauntless champion of the Truth to stand
 And brighten Europe like a beacon-land,
 By teaching tyrants, who would crush the mind,
 'Tis sacrilege !—for GOD is there enshrined.
 Thus, sacred law and liberty unite
 A Prince's sceptre with the People's right,
 And in the bulwark of a bold-voic'd Press,
 Nations can utter forth their nobleness,
 Who find in scripture, when it frees the soul,
 A Magna Charta which sublimates the whole !

Yet bounds the heart with patriotic bliss
 Through all excitements of a morn like this
 To think,—how nobly have the People prov'd
 They well can honour whom they wisely lov'd !
 For, while they paid to peerless Wellington
 A homage Alexander never won,

The People.

The lofty and the low, our peasants and our peers
 Have met and mingl'd here, unchill'd by frowns or fears,
 In this metropolis of varied man
 Where Nature musters ev'ry type she can ;
 And yet, no impious Wrong hath once profan'd
 The sabbath-peace of sentiment which reign'd,—
 But all was just, magnanimous, sincere ;
 And, heralded by many a votive tear,
 The sun went down with no recorded crime,
 And left the British character sublime !

XXI.

The Hero.

With parting homage let these lines conclude,
 And consecrate a poet's gratitude
 To *him*, the paramount of English praise,
 On whom Posterity's attracted gaze
 Will be concentr'd with increasing spell,
 And truthful Hist'ry to her future tell—
 He was a Hero, who adorned the earth,
 And made the World a debtor to his worth :
 Best of the best, and greatest of the great
 In all which guards a throne, or guides a state ;
 The massive grandeur of whose balanc'd mind
 Was so adjusted, that the Will inclin'd
 Where Conscience led, and not where Fortune threw
 Her fleeting radiance o'er some distant view.—
 His frame was iron ; and with sleepless force
 Through half a cent'ry traced its hero-course :
 Abroad, at home, in Senate-house, or Field,
 Friendship and Hate alike to his firm counsels yield,
 Whose glance, by mental intuition, ran
 Through each dark maze of policy and plan,

And reached conclusions, where results contain
Maxims and morals, which will rule and reign
As long as Treason, Stratagem and War
Endanger thrones, or threaten from afar.

Just to a hair, inflexible as truth,
Thus lived great Wellington from age to youth ;
And when hoar'd years had bow'd that classic head
With silver-locks so venerably spread,
How did we greet him in the public square,
And rouse the stranger with re-echo'd,—“ There !
“ There comes THE DUKE ! whose very shadow throws
A light on England, wheresoe'er he goes ; ”
While pausing Childhood, with entrancéd eye,
Beheld him in his glory moving by.
And though the winter of declining age
Touched form and feature with a sad presage,
In list'ning reverence how the Senate hung
On the plain Saxon of that pithy tongue !—
The smiting earnestness of honest speech
Which taught more wisdom than mere words can reach.

And hence, the Arbiter of Empires, he
Reign'd on his throne of true simplicity,
And by the firmness of unflinching will
Rallied around him trusting Empires still :—
A Kingly Subject, whose unscepter'd hand
Was more than Armies, when it waved command.
And this, by virtue of that noble Creed
That helm'd each movement in the hour of need,
The master-spell, which rein'd emotion down—
That danger *must* be met by duty to The Crown !

XXII.

Final
Apostrophe.

Since God descends through history to Man,
 Whose dark vicissitudes but veil His plan,
 And mortal Agents, while they do and dare,
 Are but the Organs of his purpose there,
 Oh, THOU ! to whom the shields * of earth belong,
 The everlasting Stronger than the Strong ; †
 Divine Upholder of heroic souls,
 Whom prowess arms, or purity controls,—
 Bulwark'd with blessings which reveal Thy Hand,
 Long may the charter'd STATE of England stand ;
 That peerless growth of patriotic mind,
 The great, eternal Wonder of mankind !
 Lodge in our British hearts such love of Thee,
 As proves Thine Image on this earth to be,
 Whose varied destinies of weal and woe
 Preach the vast truth a creedless world should know,—
 The life of Nations is a god-like thing,
 Beyond the Laureates of the flesh to sing ;
 Nurs'd and ennobl'd, not by wealth and power,
 Nor all the pageants which bemock the hour,
 But, ruled by reason, and by faith sublim'd
 To loftier heights than Glory ever climb'd.

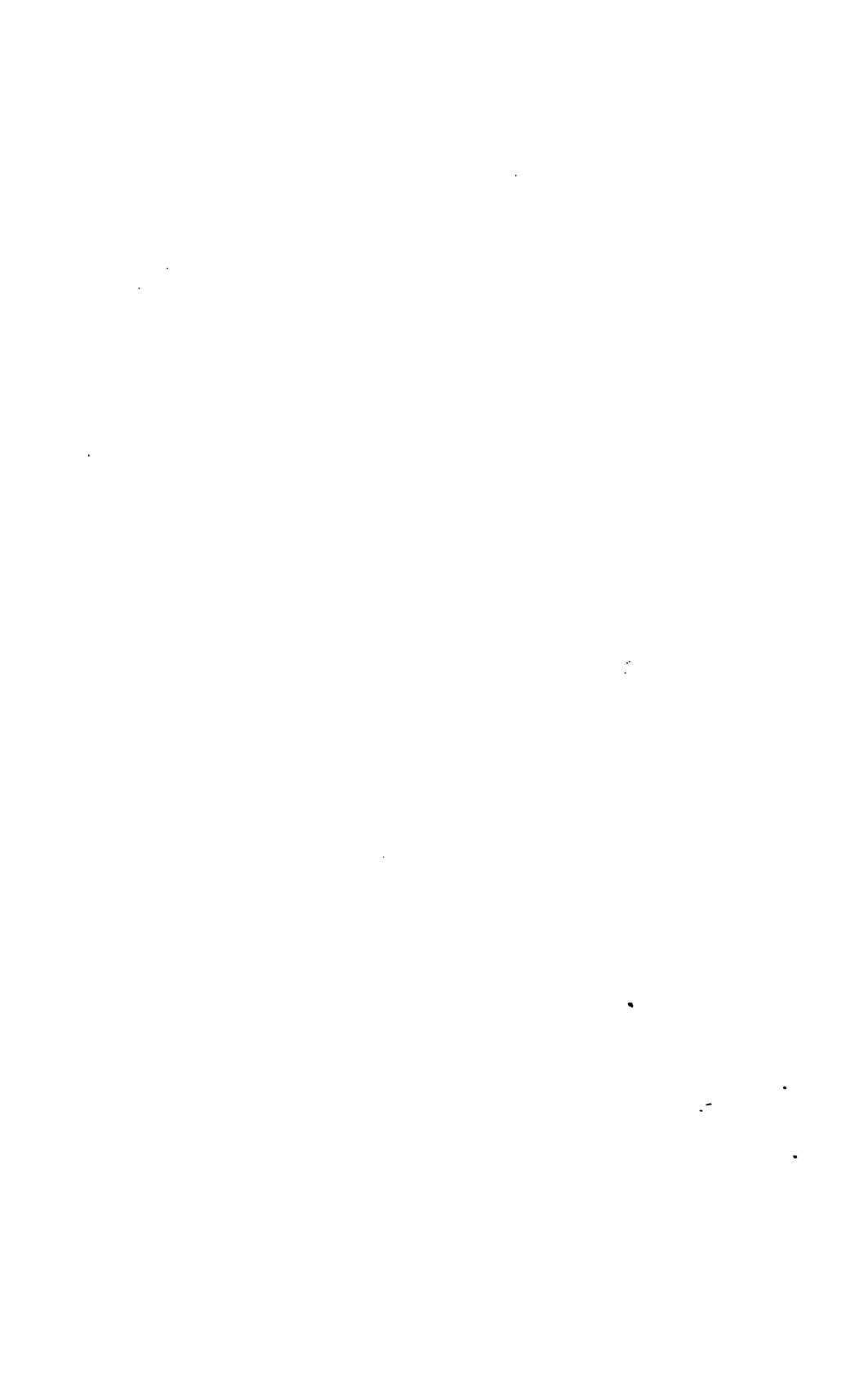
Celestial LORD of uncreated Love !
 Waft to our souls pure wisdom from above ;
 Teach the true lore no earth-born science can—
 The source of freedom is Thy will in man ;
 Since none are Heroes on the grandest scale
 Except by principle their arms prevail,

* Psalm xlvii. 90.

† Luke xi. 22.

And prove, what Vice has never understood,
That perfect Greatness is a power for good,—
Typing the Godhead, Who Himself is great,
Not by the thunders of enthronéd state ;
Yet in the majesty of boundless might
Wills what is law, but in that law wills right ;
That saints and seraphim alike may see
Their archetypes in His eternity,
And while they anthem the almighty Throne,
Reflect His glories, and increase their own.





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